

FRENCH MAKE FURTHER ADVANCE AND TAKE GERMAN PRISONERS

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

No. 3,899.

Registered at the G.P.O.
as a Newspaper.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

One Halfpenny.

THE RUINS OF YPRES, STILL THE OBJECT OF GERMAN SPITE,
NOW FORM A MONUMENT TO KULTUR.



This recent photograph of the Grand Place, Ypres, shows the condition to which this once beautiful town has been reduced. It has been the object of wanton destruction by

the Hun, who, unable to wrest it from the British, has vented his spite by continually shelling the old and historic buildings.—(French official photograph.)

WHO WOULD HAVE SUSPECTED HIM? GLASGOW "TERRIER" ESCAPES FROM GERMANY.



When disguised.



Relating his adventures at his father's fireside.



As he really is.

Private William Mooney, an Irishman, who lives at Motherwell, Glasgow, was captured by the Germans and imprisoned at Muenster Camp, Westphalia. But he had no intention of remaining there, and thought out various plans of escape. At last his

chance came, so donning a disguise, he took his departure, quite forgetting to inform his Hun guardians of the fact. He is now at home again, and very thankful to be out of the clutches of his gaolers.

MOST SOLEMN OF GOOD FRIDAYS.

Crowded Congregations at Church, Abbey and Cathedral.

THE CHEERY WOUNDED.

"In many ways perhaps the most solemn Good Friday within living memory."

This was the remark made yesterday to *The Daily Mirror* by a well-known ecclesiastic who is familiar with London and London ways.

And the remark may be accepted as a general indication of the spirit in which Good Friday was observed in London yesterday.

All the churches were crowded. In fact, it is safe to say that no such large congregations have been seen in London for a considerable time.

At Westminster Abbey and at St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Rev. G. W. Hockley gave an address on the "Seven Last Words," enormous congregations gathered during the morning.

The large number of women in mourning who were present was particularly noticeable.

Of these it is safe to say that one and all had suffered some acute personal loss in the great war for humanity and liberation, but nowhere could one discern any signs of depression or hopelessness.

And there was a note of Spartan sternness sounded in many of the sermons.

"SANCTIMONIOUS HYPOCRISY."

The Bishop of Kensington, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, asked had love been the law of our national life? Look back to August, 1914, when war was breaking. What was the heart of England then? She was on the eve of civil war more horrible by far than this war. Only by the miracle of the present war were we saved from that.

Class hatred was at such a pitch that we were threatened with a revolution of our national life far more than had been the case in this war.

Sex hatred was raging, and yet we were saying with all the sanctimonious hypocrisy of which we as a nation were capable that the only thing we wanted was peace. Did it look like it? Could the world be expected to think us honest when we said that? As a nation we had not come to repentance.

In the afternoon the parks and open spaces were thronged with people.

On all the roads that lead out of London to the pleasant and verdant country places parties of wounded soldiers were to be met in motor-wagons and waggons.

And they were perhaps the most cheerful people to encounter.

Crowds on Hampstead Heath surged round the booths and stands of the fair folk.

SIXPENCES ON TOMESTONE.

Here, too, the ubiquitous wounded soldier in butcher blue uniform and comfortable slippers made his presence felt.

He insisted upon running races and occasionally indulged in impromptu coconut shies.

One of the most touching ceremonies of the day was witnessed in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew the Great, West Smithfield.

Here twenty-one men and women, whose ages ranged from ninety-three to forty-eight, walked across an ancient tombstone. Each picked up from it a sixpenny piece.

This ceremony, which dates back to medieval times, is in accordance with the bequest of a pious woman who died in the year 1400 and is particularly remembered on Good Friday.

A small balance from the endowment was devoted to the purchase of hot cross buns, and one of the churchwardens gave each of the old women a shilling to supplement the ancient bounty.

GERMANY STARVING.

"There would appear to be no doubt that even under present conditions as established—even without fresh advances on any front—Germany is doomed."

This is a summary of the situation in this week's *Nation*. It is based upon a whole series of communications from the German Empire which tell an awful story of privation and misery.

"It is almost impossible to keep house. We may only write that all is well, but this is the simple truth that Germany is starving."

"There is not the slightest doubt (this from a neutral visitor) that the working class is really starved—the food riots in the cities demonstrate that."

"Ask my husband to send me a few kronen, for I have no food to give the children, and am begging bread from door to door."

The *Nation* says these dismal events are worth recording as showing that the blockade is blockading Germany.

REFUSED TO WORK ON SUNDAY.

Seven British prisoners of war interned at Sprottau, who refused to work on Sunday, were tried by court-martial, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

Their work consisted in wheeling coal into the power house of a sugar factory at Glogau.

According to reports by Dr. Ohnesorg, who visited the camp on behalf of the American Embassy on March 25, they had appealed and were now awaiting retrial.

A GREAT SERMON.

Mr. Bottomley's "Sunday Pictorial" Article an Inspiration for Clergymen.

"BRITAIN'S EMPTY CRADLES."

"What is the most remarkable literature produced by this war?"

This was the question asked the other day in a well-known literary club. And the author addressed unhesitatingly replied: "The sermons of Mr. Bottomley."

Perhaps the most famous which he has yet preached through the medium of the *Sunday Pictorial* was "God and the War." "Wanted—A Preacher" was another pronounced success.

But the Easter sermon which Mr. Bottomley is contributing to to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial* easily surpasses all its predecessors.

It is called "The Resurrection and the Life," and is the finished result of months of close thought.

Mr. Bottomley himself says that it is the best thing he has ever written. And all England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales will to-morrow agree with him.

Another important article has been written for the same number by Mr. Austin Harrison. It is entitled "Britain's Empty Cradles," and deals with the pressing problem of our decreasing population.

A splendid sketch of the great Canadian general, Sir Sam Hughes, by one who knows him intimately, will form a further attractive feature, while an article of especial interest to women has been written by Miss Joan Kennedy, who shows how the war has helped to bring husbands and wives together again.

And then there is the opening instalment of a new serial story by Miss Louise Heilgers, entitled "For the Sake of a Girl"—perhaps the best story which the *Sunday Pictorial* has yet secured.

JOCKEY'S WAR RACE.

Romantic Story of Duke's Armoured Car Dash to Save Starving Britons.

(From W. T. Massey.)

Stuez, Thursday (received yesterday).—While on the Western Egyptian front last week I heard full details of the armoured car fleet's dash to rescue the Tara prisoners.

It was on returning from Solum that the Duke of Westminster was informed that a letter from Captain Watkin Williams picked up in the ruins at Bir Waer, stated that the Tara prisoners were starving and in need of medical comforts. The letter mentioned Bir Hakim as the place where prisoners were detained.

Every prisoner and refugee was interrogated, but none knew Bir Hakim, except a man who said he had fed his flock there thirty years ago.

The Duke asked permission to attempt the rescue of the prisoners.

By midnight there were gathered at the old Turkish fort on the ridge above Solum forty-two cars, nine of which were armoured.

The column moved out across a few miles of trackless desert till the Tobruk road was picked up. At the moment the Arabs became animated through following the mirage of a small hill.

The Duke sent forward the armoured cars to the attack, and they raced up to within 200 yards of the mound, and as one would expect, the first car was that of Lieutenant William Griggs, the famous jockey, who regards this as the odgiest of classic races in which he has taken part.

Before the rescuers the prisoners were standing silhouetted against the skyline, absolutely motionless and dumb with amazement.

At last one man threw off the sack covering him and faintly cheered. The starved men swarmed round the cars crying, "Are we free?"

They could not be persuaded to leave the cars, thus slightly hindering the advance to attack the guards, all of whom were subsequently killed.

ECONOMY GARDENING.

London was a county of amateur gardeners yesterday. And nearly all these cultivators were studying economy by planting vegetables instead of flowers in their tiny plots.

Good Friday by long tradition is the first day in the amateur's calendar, and the weather being warm and genial, father, mother, sons and daughters were busy with spades and trowels, rakes and garden rollers.

A notable feature of yesterday's gardening plans is the evidence of the desire to grow something which will save the household money.

Plans are to supersede primulas and cabbages chrysanthemums. So the *Daily Mirror* was informed by a gardening expert.

TRAPPED BY SUPPOSED GERMAN.

New York, Friday.—Harry L. Newton, a native of the United States, has been arrested here on a charge of agreeing with a supposed German, in reality an American detective, to blow up a munitions plant at Dunkirk, New York.—Reuter.

BARRING PAUL PRYS.

Officials Busy Stopping Possible Gaps in Secret Session Veil.

PRESS TO BE MUZZLED.

(From Our Parliamentary Correspondent.)

While Cabinet Ministers and hundreds of legislators are holiday-making the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Speaker and the Sergeant-at-Arms will be busy during the week-end making arrangements for the secret session on Easter Tuesday.

Many details have to be arranged, for *The Daily Mirror* was informed last night that no action, however superfluous it may seem at first sight, is to be overlooked to secure the inviolable secrecy of Tuesday's sitting.

Among other steps that will be taken is one for preventing any unauthorised report from appearing in the public Press, and an Order in Council is being made making any such publication a criminal offence.

One result of this drastic action may be to necessitate the future censoring of parliamentary reports during the war, since it is highly probable that references may be made in future debates to statements at the private sitting the publication of which may be extremely undesirable in the public interest.

It would, of course, be impossible for the excluded reporters to know to what extent particular comments were allusions to statements at the private sitting.

The latest information tends to show that the secret sitting will be a protracted one.

Many points, it is understood, are to be raised, and all parties are anxious to press their views upon the Government.

This has led to the belief that it may be necessary to hold a second sitting in camera on Wednesday.

There is still some doubt as to whether the Carson resolution will be moved.

A section of the Unionist "Forward" is still anxious to press the "equal salaries" motion, but the mass of the committee are prepared to await the full statement of the Government case.

A meeting of the Unionist group will be held at the close of the secret session. The Liberal "Forward" will also meet about the same time.

"BLUEWATER" DRESSES.

The Navy Now Sets the Fashion for Women Instead of the Army.

At last the Navy has come into its own. In the parks and at the seaside alike navy blue will be all the wear this Easter.

Too long has the Army held the floor of fashion with its khaki, its tartan and its patches of scarlet. Khaki was never a becoming colour to the feminine complexion.

Women realised this, but steadfast in their loyalty to their men on active service they put a sense of gratitude even before their sense of beauty.

The Navy's feminine adherents, however, grew restive and complained bitterly that the talk and the copying were all of "Tommy" and his fashionable "not of Jack."

The silent and the voiced pressure has resulted in a uniformity of navy walking suits.

To show there is not favouritism and to conform to the fashion of wearing buttons row upon row where no button can be expected of them, the collection of regimental buttons comes into use to adorn these suits.

The husband's or sweetheart's button is given the place of honour nearest the heart, the buttons of relations and friends alike do duty on cuffs, collars, and skirts.

The business of keeping them shiny is overcome by having them gilded or silvered. These suits show in their lines and hang a complete contradiction of the hooped and panned fashions which prevail in the taffeta gowns of later day.

An belts their naval character they are the gowns in which women go to their munitions works, their canteens and their gardening.

DISCHARGE "OLDIERS AND WORK.

Through various causes there are now a large number of discharged soldiers and sailors unemployed.

The Y.M.C.A. has used its good offices in bringing the men and the employers together, and many satisfactory engagements have resulted. The Y.M.C.A. asks employers desiring to communicate with its Employment Bureau.

WON'T WORK WITH OBJECTORS.

Local Government officers strongly object to work with conscientious objectors, and are up arms against a suggestion that they should do so, me by the Government Committee on Work of National Importance to local authorities.

The Government Committee on Work of National Importance had written to the local authorities asking if they are willing to engage men having conscientious objection to military service for vacancies on their staffs.

The National Association of Local Government Officers have sent a letter to the Government Committee protesting on behalf of their 38,000 members against the proposal.

TWICE WOUNDED AT FOURTEEN.

East End Ghetto Boy Who Fought Turks at Gallipoli.

IN THE GREAT "CHARGE."

The war has produced many fighting boy heroes who had not reached military age, but the youngest was voted on record is Joe Rosenbloom, a Ghetto lad who was only thirteen years and nine months old when he left his East End school—the famous Jews' Free School—and joined the British Army.

Seven months later he was fighting by the side of men two, three and four times as old as himself on the Gallipoli peninsula and took part in the famous charge against the impregnable mountain of Achi Baba.

In the course of fourteen months' campaigning in the greatest war in history young Rosenbloom was twice wounded at Gallipoli, was at

Do not omit to read the opening chapters of our splendid new serial by Miss Ruby M. Ayres on Monday. It is called "The Black Sheep."

Imbros and at Suva Bay, served on a mine-sweeper in the Mediterranean, and was chased by a submarine while on a cattle boat.

In telling some of his experiences this amazing boy soldier referred to "the Royal Naval Division," many of them young lads, who brought up ammunition to us in the firing line."

As Joe was under fourteen his father was summoned by the school attendance officer for not sending him to school, and it was this incident which led to the case coming to the ears of the War Office, and the boy, who received a good character from his commanding officer, was discharged from the Army and sent home.

This is Joe's own story of his soldiering adventures:—

"I joined the London Welsh Regiment in September, 1914. Before a month had passed, I found myself being 'claimed' out by my father, but in twenty-four hours I was in the Army again. This time I joined the Essex Regiment, and no one knew I had joined again."

BULLET THROUGH HELMET.

"One day the colonel came round asking for volunteers for the front: I was one who volunteered with forty-nine other men."

"When we were in the trenches the bullets and shrapnel were dropping all around us. After a few hours' fierce fighting we got firmly set on land."

"One day we made a great charge, for the purpose of taking Achi Baba, but we failed."

"We gained about six miles along the line, and the Turks lost heavily."

"June 6, 1915, was the day when we made a charge in which I was wounded. I thought my last day had come, and I was in the Army when I was hit, and when I opened my eyes again I was in Egypt, at Alexandria."

"I was blind for three weeks, and I thought I had lost my sight, but thank God I regained it. I came out of the trenches on June 6 and was back again on July 3."

"I soon became familiar with the trenches again. I had a very narrow escape on August 6."

"A bullet went through the top of my helmet, and escaped my head by an eighth of an inch. Another bullet hit my left shoulder, but luckily did not go through."

"After this charge we had to stand on dead Turks as far as the parapet. Later on we went to Suva Bay, on the extreme left."

"There we lay until I was notified by the War Office. My father had been after me again."

WOMAN'S PROTEST AT CONCERT.

There was an exciting scene at the Parsifal concert at Queen's Hall yesterday afternoon.

After the singing of Adriane's aria (Rienzi), "Almighty God the blow has fallen," by Mme. Kirky Lunn, a woman rose in the stalls and shouted, "Englishmen and Englishwomen, I protest against German music being played in England whilst Englishmen are being slaughtered by Germans. It is a shame!"

The woman was told by members of the audience to "Run away," and she immediately left the hall.

ENTHUSIASM IN G.R. RANKS.

Great enthusiasm prevailed yesterday at the camp of the City of London Volunteer Corps, who are under canvas in Surrey.

A party returning to London, after five hours' trench work, gave three rousing cheers to an armed party of their comrades who were leaving the parade ground for guard duty.

LONDON WORLD'S FUR MARKET.

"London is still the greatest fur market in the world, despite the war and American efforts to capture the business," a wholesale furrier told *The Daily Mirror*.

The great London spring sales prove that London still holds its pre-eminence in the fur trade.

Some of the costliest furs were bought for New York, but the domestic demand consumed the greatest proportion of all the furs marketed.

DAY OF PROGRESS FOR FRENCH IN THEIR VERDUN COUNTER-ATTACKS

Another Failure for Crown Prince Near Vaux.

1 1/4 MILES OF BATTLE.

Turkish Dead in Last Tigris Attack Estimated at 3,000.

MORE GERMAN CRUELITIES

The French operations against the Germans in the Verdun region were everywhere successful.

FRENCH PROGRESS.

Progress has been made by our Ally in the Dead Man sector and south of the Haudrom Wood.

The Crown Prince launched a fierce offensive over a front of one and a quarter miles between Thiaumont Farm and Vaux Pond, but although the Germans gained a footing in two places they were driven out again. Last night's Paris bulletin reported heavy artillery activity, but no infantry action.

TURKS' HOLLOW GAIN.

Further details from Mesopotamia show that the Turks attack of a few days ago, when they penetrated the Kut relief force's lines was an expensive one. In one spot over 1,200 dead were counted in front of the British lines, and the estimate puts their loss in killed alone at 3,000, while our total losses were less than that figure.

HUNS WHEREVER THEY ARE.

Terrible stories of German cruelty are disclosed in the report of a Commission, just issued in Capetown, of the treatment of British prisoners in German South-West Africa. Captives waited in queues to quench their thirst in the blood of slaughtered oxen. Captain Geary was kept in a small cell for six and a half months.

GERMAN OFFENSIVE ON FRONT OF 1 1/4 MILES.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Friday.—The following official communiqué was issued this afternoon:—

West of the Meuse the attack made yesterday by our troops in the Dead Man region progressed during the night.

We also took a trench on the northern fringe of Caurettes Wood.

We took as prisoners four officers and 150 men.

East of the Meuse the violent bombardment of our positions was followed at the close of the day by a powerful offensive action which the enemy made on a front of one and a quarter miles between Thiaumont Farm and Vaux Pond.

The Germans who had succeeded in getting a footing in our lines south of Douaumont Fort and to the north of the pond were completely ejected by our night counter-attacks. Two machine guns and some prisoners fell into our hands.

West of Douaumont, in the sector to the south of Haudrom Wood, we also made progress. We liberated some wounded French prisoners and captured twenty of the enemy.

On the rest of the front the night was calm, except in the vicinity of Priest Wood, where our artillery was somewhat active.—Exchange.

FOE GUNS VERY ACTIVE.

(FRENCH OFFICIAL.)

PARIS, Friday.—To-night's official communiqué says:—

In the Argonne, at Hill 285 (Haute Chavallée) we occupied the northern lip of the crater formed by the explosion of a German mine.

On the left bank of the Meuse there was a violent bombardment of our new positions of the Dead Man.

On the right bank there was intense activity on the part of the enemy artillery from the Meuse as far as the fort of Vaux.

In the Woivre there was a lively cannonade in the sectors of Eix Chailillon and Ronvaux. There was no infantry action.

One of our long-range guns bombarded the station of Vignolles les Hattonchateil, to the north-east of St. Mihiel.

North of Regnierville our batteries dispersed convoys on the road from La Marche to Nonsard.

There was nothing of importance on the rest of the front.—Reuter.

GERMANS ADMIT FRENCH GAIN IN WOOD.

Fierce Fighting on Both Banks of the River Meuse.

(GERMAN OFFICIAL.)

BERLIN, Friday.—Main Headquarters report as follows:—

In the region of the Meuse stubborn infantry fighting developed in conjunction with a great increase of artillery activity on both sides.

West of the river the French attacked with large forces against the Haudrom Wood and east thereof. The attack generally was sanguinarily repulsed. Fighting is still continuing in a small portion of trench in the vicinity of the Caurettes Wood, into which the French had succeeded in penetrating.

On the night of the Meuse the efforts made by the enemy to recapture the stone quarry south of the village of Haudromont were entirely fruitless.

South of the Fort of Douaumont hand-to-hand fights, which had developed during the course of the night around some French trenches, have not yet come to an end.

Our concentrated and strong artillery fire caused a repetition of the enemy artillery attack against the German lines in the Caillotte Wood to fail at the very outset.

In the Vaux sector, on the Woivre Plain, and on the heights south-east of Verdun very lively artillery activity has been the rule of the day on both sides, as formerly.

An enemy aeroplane fell to earth in a burning condition in the Furmin Wood, south-west of Vaux.—Wireless Press.

PRESIDENT DECORATES FRENCH WAR DOG.

Pyramus Receives a Star for Fine Scouting Work.

(From W. L. McAlpin.)

PARIS, Friday.—During his recent visit to Alsace the President of the Republic reviewed several battalions of Alpine Chasseurs.

At the head of one battalion being the major stood the war dog Pyramus, which has rendered countless services as a scout.

M. Poincaré decorated Pyramus with the star, which is a scout's badge, and the dog's Croix de Guerre.

The great battlefield north of Verdun is now, after two months of incessant shelling, a land of indescribable desolation.

HUMAN CATERPILLARS.

"Last Monday afternoon," says an artillery lieutenant, "I watched from Fleury Hill the German avalanche advancing. They came on like a swarm of caterpillars invading the ravine.

Our seventy-fives fell upon them, and the further they advanced the more they diminished. Behind them the ground was strewn with grey specks.

Like scared bears in a cage, they made frantic efforts to escape up the slopes, but our shot and shell sought them out.

Others threw themselves flat in a brook, lifting their heads from time to time to breathe, but the pitiless guns found them there, too, and soon water ran red with blood. Thus did our Follus cut up a whole German division."

GERMANS DISPERSED.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Friday, 10.23 p.m.—Miming activity during last twenty-four hours near Pricourt, Souchez, Huiluch and Givenchy.

During the night we dispersed a party of Germans who left their trenches near St. Eloi.

To-day trench mortar fighting in sector south of Arras and mutual artillery bombardments at various points between Souchez and the La Bassée Canal, as well as in the neighbourhood of Ypres.



German aeroplane after being shot down by a British anti-aircraft gun.

OVER 3,000 TURKS KILLED IN COUNTER-ATTACK.

Miscalculation in Mesopotamia Which Proved an Expensive One.

(BRITISH OFFICIAL.)

The Secretary to the War Office makes the following announcement:—

The following further details of the fighting on the Tigris on the 17th and the 18th are to hand.

It appears that the enemy made his attack with some 10,000 men, comprising the whole of one division and portions of two others.

They came on in dense formations and penetrated a part of our line.

Within 500 yards of the front of one of our brigades alone 1,200 to 1,500 dead Turks have been counted, and it is reported that they are lying thick further out in front of other portions of our line.

Their killed alone on the night of the 17th-18th are estimated at more than 3,000.

In several instances the attacks were led by Germans, some of whom are among the killed.

Apparently the enemy supposed that a part of our troops was isolated by floods from the rest of the force and that they had a chance of overwhelming it.

As a matter of fact, supports were moving up at the time.

Our total casualties—i.e., killed, wounded and missing—are very considerably less than the number of Turkish killed.

The 18th was a stormy day and has made aircraft reconnaissance very difficult.

Floods are spreading and the river is still very high.

(TURKISH OFFICIAL.)

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—An official communiqué issued in Constantinople to-day says:—

Irak Front.—On the morning of April 17 the enemy attacked with more than a division our advanced position on the right wing of our positions near Felahie, on the left bank of the Tigris, and endeavoured to carry an attack against our main position.

His attempts collapsed completely before the counter-attack of our troops.

Energetically pursued by our troops, the enemy had to abandon, with heavy losses, the advanced position he had occupied the same day, and withdrew eastwards.

At Kut-el-Amara there is no change.

VALOUR AND FORESIGHT, BUT—TREBIZOND FELL.

OFFENSIVE CONTINUES.

(RUSSIAN OFFICIAL.)

PETROGRAD, Friday.—To-day's official communiqué says:—

Caucasus Front.—Our offensive continues in the coast region. The comradeship in arms of the Russian and French Armies has been still further strengthened by the arrival of Russian troops at Marseilles on April 20.—Reuter.



BLOOD OF OXEN FOR THIRSTY CAPTIVES.

Huns' Cruel Treatment of British in South-West Africa.

MENACED WITH CHAINS.

"Captain Geary, who was taken prisoner at Sandfontein, was placed in solitary confinement for six and a half months in a cell 18ft. by 7ft., infested with bugs and in a shocking sanitary condition.

"He was threatened with being put into a dark cell if he looked out of the window."

The above incident is recorded in a Natal paper, which, when replying to complaints, what purported to be the report of the official commission of inquiry into atrocities against British prisoners in German South-West Africa. Later the report was officially published, and it confirms in the main the newspaper version.

WINDHUK'S 'BLACK HOLES'

In the newspaper account instances are quoted of prisoners fainting from hunger and standing in queues awaiting an opportunity to drink the blood of slaughtered oxen. They also boiled the soft parts of hides in order to extract nutriment.

British civilians with women and children were confined in common gaols, sleeping ten in one cell with locked doors and in a foul atmosphere. Their food was scanty.

The authors of these outrages are mentioned by name, and the paper says that they are all at liberty in South-West Africa to-day.

In the official report it states that the Governor, Mr. Selts, when replying to complaints in connection with rations, told the officers they must be thankful for what they got.

After the escape of a couple of officers rations were cut down.

It appears the officers were moved to keep them out of the way of the British advance, and were required to give their parole not to escape, otherwise they were threatened with being put in chains.

The rations of the non-commissioned officers and men were reduced almost to starvation point, and were only half those issued to the German troops.

PRISONERS HALF-NAKED.

The insufficient clothing supplied to the prisoners is also alluded to in the report, which describes the men going by railway to Otavifontein clad in helmets, a tunic, a short loin-cloth and sandals as "a spectacle for the women natives who saw them on the road."

The report, too, confirms the reference to Captain Geary, who was only allowed short periods of exercise with convicted criminals. It also quotes the case of Captain Munro, who was treated similarly for twenty-four days.

Referring to the treatment of political prisoners confined in Windhuk Gaol, the report points out they were mostly British.

The door of the cell, in which they slept ten at a time, was locked nightly and was not opened for twelve hours.

Sir Thomas Smartt has now asked General Botha what steps are being taken to bring the guilty German officers to trial.

DUTCH MAIL BOAT SUNK IN NORTH SEA.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—The British steamer Starling has arrived at Ymuiden with the captain and a number of the crew of the Royal Dutch West Indian steamer Lodewijk Van Nassau, which has been sunk.

Five members of the crew, two of whom were Dutch subjects, have been lost.

The Marine Department states that the Lodewijk van Nassau struck a mine off Central New.

The steamer Sabia, says a South Shields telegram, has been sunk, and the master, Captain Tait, and twenty-four men were rescued, one being injured. They were landed yesterday.

The vessel foundered in a few minutes after a terrific explosion forward. The Dutch steamer Nordland picked up the men from their lifeboat and transferred them to another boat.

U.S.A. PRACTICALLY SOLID BEHIND MR. WILSON.

WASHINGTON, Thursday.—Congress stands firmly behind President Wilson in his attitude towards Germany.

The Lodge, who ranks as a Republican in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, has approved President Wilson's course of action in the strongest terms, but some Republicans complain that the present stand should have been taken much earlier.—Reuter.

AMSTERDAM, Friday.—A telegram from Berlin states that the American Ambassador yesterday evening handed to the German Secretary for Foreign Affairs the American Note regarding submarine warfare.—Reuter.

SHORTHAND IN TEN DAYS!

Guaranteed Course To Be Held in London.

In bygone times to learn shorthand meant a daily grind for weary weeks and months, first learning many bewildering rules, then many brain-racking exceptions, and, lastly, a trying list of arbitrary grammalogues. The urgent present-day need of a simple system, which can be learned quickly, while possessing the highest speed capabilities, has brought to the front Script Shorthand, the simple system invented by Mr. T. Stratford Malone, which has only thirty-one rules, and can be learned in twelve lessons. It is written in the slope of ordinary handwriting, and makes the study of shorthand a fascination and a pleasure instead of a drudgery.

TEST THIS FIRST LESSON.

Every reader of "The Daily Mirror," be his or her age eight or eighty years, can learn the simple Script Shorthand, and this bold statement may be tested by trying the following simple first lesson. The remaining eleven are just as easy. Note that the p and b strokes are written downwards, and the r and l strokes upwards:—

h b t d r l m k a
11 — — — — — 00
down up

HOW TO USE THE LETTERS.

In shorthand you write words as they sound, not as they are spelt. Thus the e is not sounded in "late," and you simply write the signs l, a, t. The small circle representing the vowel "a" is traced in accordance with the movement of the hands of a watch. The position of the vowel thus enables you to easily distinguish between the p, b and r, l strokes. (Note the outlines for "ale" and "bay" given below.) When a vowel comes between two consonants forming an angle, however, the circle or loop is written outside the angle, thus:—

aid — ale bay — tail tape

Reading the above carefully once more, cover the shorthand with your paper, and see if you can write the following words:—

lay, ale, cake, care, pay, table, same, care, bear, paid, mail, lay, page, late, cape, date.

SENTENCES.

Now see if, from this short study, you can write elementary sentences. Note that "the" is denoted by the t stroke—and "a" by a dot. (1) The maid laid the table. (2) The male ape dared the bear. (3) The Cape Mail came late. (4) Pray pray the air. (5) Kate made a cake.

KEY.

1. — — — — —
2. — — — — —
3. — — — — —
4. — — — — —
5. — — — — —

SCHOOLGIRL'S 180 WORDS A MINUTE.

Mabel R. Callister, a 15-year-old schoolgirl, of Melbourne, Australia, carried off a Gold Medal and Diploma at the 1912 examinations held by Scott's Business College in that city, with a Script speed of 180 words a minute.

"BY FAR THE MOST RAPID."

Remarkable testimony is that given by the International Correspondence Schools, the largest centre of Correspondence Tuition in the world, who state: "The Script system has proved itself FAR ahead of all other methods. It is BY FAR the easiest to learn, and BY FAR the most rapid in use."

LEARN IN TEN DAYS.

You can learn the entire system in ten days by attending the special class to be held at the Holborn Hall, London, from Wednesday, May 3, to Saturday, May 13, next, by Mr. R. J. G. Dutton, Principal, Dutton's Business College, Ekegness. Mr. Dutton guarantees to teach every "Daily Mirror" reader of average ability the entire system, including the reporting grade, within the ten days. The fee is a very moderate one, and further particulars of this interesting system and the ten days' class will gladly be forwarded to every reader of "The Daily Mirror" sending stamped addressed envelope.

LEARN BY POST IN 3 WEEKS.

Or if you are unable to attend the class send for particulars of the special postal course which enables an energetic student to acquire the system in three weeks. There is, however, no time limit, and those pupils who can only give a few hours a week are allowed to take the course at their own pace.

SEND TO-DAY!

Full particulars of these courses forwarded to any reader of "The Daily Mirror" sending stamped addressed envelope. Application respecting the London Shorthand Class should, of course, be sent without delay. All communications to DUTTON'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Room B, EKEGNESS.

THE ARMY HORSES' DAILY BATHE.



Army life agrees with the horses, who are in splendid condition. Those stationed on the coast go sea bathing daily.

BALLET IN NEW YORK.



Miss Constance Binney as she appeared in the ballet, "Charlotte Russe," which was recently produced by a number of well-known women in New York.

OFFICER DEAD.



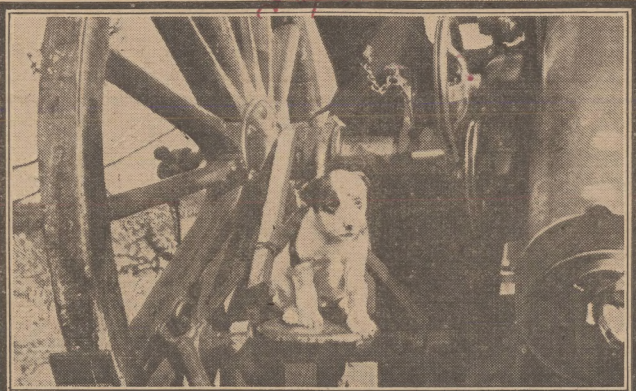
Captain Horace M. Baker, who has died of pneumonia. He was well known in the Midlands.

A NEW A.R.A.



Mr. David Young Cameron, the Scottish painter, who is one of the new A.R.A.'s.

"ON GUARD": PUPPY MASCOT KILLED.



This puppy, the pet of a French battery, has met with a sad end, having been run over by a transport wagon. It is seen here "on guard" at the gun under which it was born.

A BEAUTY GIFT

EVERY WOMAN WILL PRIZE.

Sensational Success of the New "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, WHITE THROAT, HANDS AND ARMS FOR ALL.

Send for Your Beauty Outfit Free.

THE sensation of the Season among women has been the introduction of the new "Astine" Toilet Cream, which, whilst creating beauty almost immediately on application, vanishes from sight as soon as it comes into contact with the skin.

Leaders of Society, most famous for their beauty, popular Actresses, as well as thousands of beautiful women in ordinary walks of life, have expressed their enthusiastic approval of this almost marvellous toilet cream.

And it may be stated at once that any lady who desires complexion beauty, who realises the pleasure of possessing a whitethroat, hands, or arms, need not any longer remain in doubt as to what this preparation is, for the proprietors have decided to send 10,000 supplies free of cost to the public. The world's most famous and beautiful actresses have accorded a wonderful welcome to the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

Photo [Sarony]. Miss ELISE CRAVEN, one of the most charming of British artists, advises all to use "Astine" Vanishing Cream. You may obtain a test supply free of cost.

preparation is, for the proprietors have decided to send 10,000 supplies free of cost to the public. The world's most famous and beautiful actresses have accorded a wonderful welcome to the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

GAIN BEAUTY THIS WAY FREE.

If you desire complexion beauty, if you are troubled with

- (a) CROW'S FEET (b) SALLOW COMPLEXION
- (c) LINES ROUND MOUTH (d) WRINKLES
- (e) BLACKHEADS (f) RED HANDS OR ARMS

—send for your free supply of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream. You may at once in your own home commence a delightful beauty course. The gift sent you is indeed a three-fold one, for you will receive—

(1) A generous trial supply of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream, the wonderful toilet discovery which, whilst creating complexion beauty and giving to the arms, throat and hands an alabaster-like whiteness, immediately vanishes on use.

(2) A specially-written illustrated Pamphlet, comprising complete Rules for Beauty Drill, the following of which will assure to any woman, no matter how troubled she may now be with her complexion, an added charm and fascination.

(3) Full details of how you may share in a great new £10,000 Profit-Sharing Gift of Toilet Dressing Cases, fitted with a splendid range of the finest toilet specialties.

Once you have proved to your own delight and satisfaction the marvellous difference even the first application of "Astine" Vanishing Cream makes to the complexion and the skin generally, you will find that you can obtain further supplies from all Chemists at 1/- and 2/6, or direct post free, on remittance from Edwards' "Harlene" Company, 20-26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

To procure your Free Supply, send the form below, together with 2d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

Photo [Dover St. Studios]. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, the delightful musical comedy actress, gives her testimony, which proves that you should send for your free supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

Photo [Dover St. Studios]. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, the delightful musical comedy actress, gives her testimony, which proves that you should send for your free supply of "Astine" Vanishing Cream.

To procure your Free Supply, send the form below, together with 2d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

POST THIS COUPON

TO EDWARDS' HARLENE COMPANY

20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me a Free Supply of the new "Astine" Vanishing Cream and the course of beauty lessons. I enclose 2d. stamps for postage and packing.

NAME

ADDRESS

"Daily Mirror," 22/4/16.

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1916.

HOLIDAY ODDITIES.

IT is well known that if you go abroad at holiday-time—a thing few people will be doing this year—you immediately come across the strangest samples of your fellow-countrymen, the oddest of fish ever caught out of the sea. How is it that you never see them at home?

Perhaps you do see them but don't notice them. You don't notice them because they mix with the others and get lost. A solitary daisy would look strange growing on a winter's lawn. So, in Paris, in Vienna, in Rome used to stand out by contrast the Englishmen with prominent teeth and John Bull faces one never sees in England.

Never?

Well, this year, we think these holiday eccentrics are about. If past military age, they cannot get away. Yet they are at leisure. They are therefore roaming London, instead of Paris. Perhaps they have come down from the North. Perhaps they have come up from the South. We don't know what to make of them. Here they are.

Here is one with a fur hat shaped Tyrolean, and leggings plastered with buttons. And side-whiskers. The sort of thing we've met in Switzerland, while trying to cross that land of depressing mountains and livid lakes.

Here, too, is a lady apparently clothed in leather. And she wears a leather top hat. Her children follow in various false-military modes. Nobody looks at them. They are evidently not remarkable. Yet in ordinary times and not in holiday time one would say: "Ah, certainly to be sure—a travelling circus out for its well-earned walk."

Is it merely as Herr Teufelsdröckh would assure us, a question of clothes?

Surely they have simply put on holiday vesture to match their holiday mood; and that constitutes them oddities. At heart they are the same as others. Just ordinary Britishers in an extraordinary mood.

We could not help staring at them a little, however—staring, perhaps rudely, at one or two groups that passed us yesterday: till, one moment, looking round at a rather elderly man dressed as a clergyman down to his waist and after that as a mountain climber we heard him say very discreetly but sufficiently loud for hearing to his wife: "Hilda, that was a funny-looking man!" He meant us!

Good Heavens! True. No doubt. We had forgotten. Glass houses. We, too—odd, eccentric, ugly. . . . W. M.

LOVE AT DAWN.

Juliet. Will't thou be gone? It is not yet near day: It was the nightingale, and not the lark, That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear; Nightly she sings on yon pomgranate tree: Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn, No nightingale; look, love, where eastern streaks Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east: Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day Stands tip-toe on the misty mountain tops: It must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Juliet. Yon light is not daylight, I know it: I: It is some meteor that the night-shades shake, To be to thee this night a torch-bearing: And light thee on thy way to Mantua: Therefore stay yet: there need not be to go.

Romeo. Let me be true, let me be put to death; I am content, so thou wilt have it so.

Juliet. I say you grey is not the morning's eye, 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow: Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat The vaulty heaven so high above our heads: I have more care to stay than will to go.

—SHAKESPEARE.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

When a friend is carried to the grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault. We recollect a thousand endearments which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favours unpaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return, not so much that we may receive as bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which we never understood.

—Dr. Johnson.

ARE WE THE MOST HUMOROUS RACE?

VIEWS OF A FAMOUS COMEDIAN ON OUR FIGHTING MEN.

By JOSEPH COYNE.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING is responsible for a very sweeping assertion; he has said that the British people are "the only genuinely humorous race on earth." While keenly appreciative of the splendid qualities of the Britisher and of his native sense of humour, I do not altogether agree that Britons are the only "genuinely humorous" race.

I am an American, and I have been asked to draw my fountain pen from its sheath on the subject. Well, I am also thinking of eabing to President Wilson and begging him to write Mr. Kipling a Note about it!

The truth of the matter is, I suppose, that every race on earth has its own special type of

thing really solemn, awe-inspiring, in the British fighters' humour when face to face with death?

"After a bayonet attack two British soldiers were lying flat on the ground to escape the bullets that still whizzed around them. In a few moments one of them said: 'Come on, Jack, let's be getting on.' 'Can't,' answered Jack. 'I've been plugged in the leg.' 'Never mind, old chap,' said the other, 'you get on my back and I'll carry you in.' 'No fear,' replied Jack. 'The V.C. for you, and a bullet in the back for me!'"

"TOMMY'S" READY WIT.

An Irish sergeant was drilling some raw recruits. Utterly disgusted at their erratic ideas of marching in a straight line, he bawled: "Halt! Now just you step forward and look at yourselves. It's a fine line ye're kaping, isn't it?"

It takes a really first-rate humorist to be funny when his night's repose is being disturbed. What think you of this "Tommy's" remark, after he had been awakened by a sentry? It was

SHOWING OUR BELGIAN GUESTS THE COUNTRY.



A delightful occupation for those past military age this Easter—take your French or Belgian guest to enjoy the peace of the English countryside and then see what happens!—(By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

humour. For instance, in Britain a sausage is invariably a fit subject for jest; but in Germany—in Turkey, I am told that they laugh like mad when they hear of anyone being put in a sack and thrown into the Bosphorus; and so on. It is all a question of taste, and consequently difficult to particularise upon.

But right here I will say one thing—however difficult it may be to agree with Mr. Kipling, there is not one atom of doubt but that Britain does possess the most genuinely humorous fighting men. With the exception of the Non-Combatant Corps, I should say that every platoon in the British Army and every ship's company in the Royal Navy is a platoon or company of humorists. And the British fighting man's humour is not kept only for his splendid moments, or for his hours of ease. It remains undamped when the skies are cloudy; it is often seen at its best when he is at hand-grips with death.

Has it never struck you that there is some-

one very dark night at a training camp. A major, returning very late, had forgotten the necessary password, and so the zealous sentry barred his way.

"Don't be absurd, my man," said the major, in a none too gentle voice. "You know me well enough—I'm Major Blank."

"Fraid I can't let you pass without the word, sir."

"But, confound it, man, I tell you I've forgotten it!"

"Sorry, sir; can't help it, sir; must have the password."

"But, dash it, I tell you I'm Major Blank!"

"Yessir, but it's strict orders, as you know, sir; must have the—"

Then came the muffled voice from a near-by tent: "Oh, for Heaven's sake, Bill, don't stand arguing all night! Shoot 'im!"

There is a fund of delightful humour in the reply of an Irish soldier to the instructor's question: "Why should a soldier always be

WAR SERMONS.

COMFORT AND HOPE RATHER THAN DENUNCIATION AND BLAME.

BLAMING OURSELVES.

AS an American deeply interested in the subject of your recent leader and the correspondence that has followed it, may I say that I know of no people at present—except one—more inclined to blame themselves than you are?

Faults in your preparation and national attitude generally have been revealed by this war, and the war itself has made clear to all of us that all of us, except Germany, were unprepared. In consequence many of us or most of us are deeply discouraged.

Everywhere I have been in England lately I have discovered a desire to "buck up," based on a conviction that you were caught unawares. That being so, I certainly agree with those of your correspondents who maintain that what you most want now is encouragement, not discouragement. Yet in one of your churches here

the other day I heard a sermon which declared you were chiefly to blame for the war because of your "neglect of seriousness"—whatever that may mean.

I can only say that I think such sermons inopportune. AN AMERICAN ADMIRER OF BRITAIN. Savoy Hotel.

CHURCH AND CLERGY. EVEN if its ministers are inadequate to the needs of suffering humanity, "A Seeker After Truth" should know that she can always find consolation from our Church.

No doubt also the best of our clergy are at the front. Think of the curate V.C.! Then do not say that none of our priests have helped us! PARISHIONER.

WAR WEEK-ENDS.

IF the writer of the letter re war week-ends in *The Daily Mirror* of April 13 had read the earlier letter to which he refers more carefully he would have seen that there was no suggestion that he should spend Sunday in a stuffy church, but rather a desire on the part of the writer that less use should be made of the railways, etc., by the public generally on Sundays, and so release more workers for one day's complete rest in seven.

This would not prevent anyone from enjoying fresh air on a Sunday, and those who complain that going to a stuffy church deprives them of the fresh air should avoid a picture palace on that day for the same reason. A LOVER OF FRESH AIR.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 21.—Much useful work may be done by the amateur gardener during the Easter holidays. The lawn must be cut and rolled and beds of perennials lightly forked over and manure tidied. All kinds of hardy annuals may be sown. Gladioli can be planted.

Roses should be all pruned by this date. See that climbers are trained and tied up. Plant potatoes and sow winter greens, carrots, turnips, peas, onions, cabbage, savoy. Vegetable marrows may now be sown in pots under glass. E. F. T.

ready to die for his country?" The Irishman looked puzzled for a few seconds; then his face brightened and, said he, with a good-natured smile: "Yis, sor; it's quite roight what ye sez. Why should he?"

There was a note of sadness underlying the humorous reply of a soldier who was asked if he joined the Army because he liked fighting. "No," he answered, "I do not like war. I left my wife and family because I like peace."

I cannot tell whether it was unconscious or spontaneous humour that prompted a certain "Tommy" to blurt out in reply to a respondent to his host's civil "Bon soir," with "Qui mai y pense!" without a moment's hesitation.

Be the humour dry, unconscious, spontaneous or meditative, the British fighting-man is a master of it. On the principle that as a nation's men are, so is the nation, I suppose that the question has been answered, and, after all, Mr. Kipling proved to be correct.

"Q's" FIRST PLAY: "THE MAYOR OF TROY" TO BE PRODUCED TO-NIGHT



Mr. Henry Ainley.



Thinking out a difficult problem in chess.



He plays Solomon Toogood.

"The Mayor of Troy," which is adapted on broad lines from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's book of the same name, will be produced at the Haymarket this evening. It is a high comedy, and

ends happily. This is not, says "Q," in deference to public opinion, but because this is how it should end.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

AN EGG-CELLENT IDEA: ZOO HEN-ROOSTS "BAIRED."



The "rhino" said "Please."



The penguins all refused.



The bear punctured his.



The egg parade. They were all new laid and not "shop soiled."

At the invitation of the Zoo authorities and their woman poultry expert, wounded soldiers collected eggs from the hen roosts which have been installed at Regent's Park. Most of the animals were dubious about the chocolate eggs with which they were presented.

GENERAL SARRAIL AS A RIFLE SHOT.



General Sarraill, the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces in the Balkans, tests a British rifle. There was no enemy to fire at, as they are keeping well away from the front.—(Official French photograph.)

DURING A LULL AROUND VERDUN.

£ 11908 g.



an shell bursts short of a French trench during one of the periods when the Huns only indulge in bombardments while reorganising their forces for the next abortive attack. —(Official photograph.)

WILL THE METAL BE SENT TO KRUPPS?

£ 11908 s.



German motor-car stopped a shell from a French "75." The Huns are gazing at the engine, which they cannot possibly hope to repair.

PORTRAITS OF THREE MEN IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

P 845-

P 4610

P 18898



Arthur Quiller-Couch ("Q"), famous novelist, whose first is to be produced to-night. Professor of English literature at Cambridge.

Essad Pasha, "the uncrowned King of Albania," who is staying in London. He has been styled the Rob Roy of the Balkans, and is the friend of the Entente Powers.

Lance-Corporal S. Real, awarded the D.C.M. He continued to throw bombs for two nights after being wounded. He is only nineteen years of age.

ARMY CHAPLAIN WINS V.C.

P 18897



The Rev. Edward Mellish, formerly a London curate. On three consecutive days he went backwards and forwards under heavy fire in order to tend and rescue wounded men. This splendid work was quite voluntary on his part.

A GOOD HAUL FOR THE BRITISH.

£ 11908 R.

£ 11908 R.



File of entrenching tools.



Rolls of barbed wire.

A portion of the booty abandoned by the Germans when they retreated from a first-line trench which we captured from them.

MACKINTOSH'S



☞ BUTTER, SUGAR, and RICH CREAM are the principal ingredients of Toffee de Luxe, and, as you know,

BUTTER is 50 % dearer than before the War

SUGAR is three times as dear

CREAM is scarce and very dear.

☞ Not only this, but everything used in the making of Toffee de Luxe has steadily advanced in price. We have, therefore, had to face the problem, "Should we use substitutes in order to keep the price down, or should we maintain the standards of **QUALITY** and **FOOD VALUE** that have made this **TOFFEE DE LUXE** the favourite sweetmeat of millions?"

☞ There is only one reply to this question. The high quality of Toffee de Luxe must be maintained at all costs. Therefore, much as we regret the necessity, we have had to fix the retail price of Toffee de Luxe at

1½d. per Ounce.

☞ But, remember, the quality remains, the nutritious food value remains, and the luscious melting flavour remains! So that Toffee de Luxe is still the finest Toffee value in the whole world.

☞ **MACKINTOSH'S TOFFEE DE LUXE** is not a mere sweetmeat—it has a genuine food value. For years it has been known as the sweetmeat that is fuel to the system—the sweetmeat that nourishes the body while it delights the palate.

John Mackintosh, Ltd.,
The Toffee Mills,
Halifax.

TOFFEE de LUXE

Humber

HUMBER LIMITED being almost entirely engaged on Government work, would have been unable to supply any cycles had it not been for the large stock of parts which they held on the outbreak of War. Directly the pressure is removed good deliveries may be expected.

HUMBER LIMITED,
WORKS Coventry.

Depôts:—
LONDON: . . . 32, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.
60-64, Brompton Rd., S.W.
SOUTHAMPTON: 25 and 27 London Road.
Repair Works - Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.

PRICE OF MILK.

On Sunday, April 23rd, in the South of London, the retail price of pure milk will be advanced to 6d. per quart.



DON'T WASTE
your temper or
your money, but buy
DUNLOP
Warwick or Cambridge
Cycle Tyres.

"A price to suit every
pocket and the best
tyre at the price."

Cadbury's

"ABSOLUTELY PURE,
THEREFORE BEST."

Cocoa

BE SURE AND READ OUR NEW SERIAL ON MONDAY



Rosalie.

ROSALIE

Our Grand Serial.
By MARK
ALLERTON

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

ROSALIE GRIEVE, a pretty, vivacious girl with ideas and a will of her own.

REV. HUGH GRIEVE, Rosalie's husband, who is not a man of the world, but is very much a man.

ALAN WYNNE, an irresponsible, but clever, artist with the accompanying temperament.

LUCIEN BANKS, a waster who has obtained money from Grieve by false pretences.

THE SILVER LINING.

"HUGH!" called out Rosalie from the foot of the stairs.
"Hullo!" replied Hugh over the banisters.
"Anything I can do for you this morning?"
"Nothing at all, old girl, unless you'll write my sermon for me."
The answer was a laugh. "I'm going to work in the garden, then. The earwigs are getting at the dahlias."
"Oh, live and let live!"
"Not earwigs, Hugh!"
"I say, Rosalie."
"Yes!"
"I want to go to town to buy a new hat. Will you come with me? We could lunch somewhere."
"Rather! I should love to."
"At twelve o'clock, then."
"I shall be ready. And the earwigs will give me an appetite."
Hugh went into his study and settled himself at his desk. There were flowers before him; outside the sun was shining. It was a

On no account miss reading "The Black Sheep," a vivid new romance by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, which begins on Monday.

morning when it was very good to be alive. He could hear Rosalie singing downstairs. Then a door opened and shut. Rosalie was on her way to slaughter earwigs.
Hugh took time over the filling and lighting of his pipe. Then he selected a pen with careful deliberation. At last he drew a pad of paper towards him, and stared at it reflectively.
He was honest with himself. He felt lazy. He was in the mood not to write a sermon but for listening to the greatest sermon of all—the sermon of a contented heart.
He rose and strode about the room, rumpiling his hair. Once he hummed the fragment of a popular air, and then frowned. He took down books from the shelves, glanced at them, and put them back.
"I've a good mind," he muttered at last, "to have a go at those earwigs myself."
He wandered to another room, from the windows of which he could overlook the garden at the back of the house. There was Rosalie, with an armful of flowerpots designed to trap the devastators of the dahlias.
"Might as well leave them to worry the next man," he thought. Then he opened the window and shouted:
"No slacking, now."
"It's you that's slacking. Get on with your work."
They both laughed—laughed at nothing at all, which is the surest sign of happiness. He waved his hand and shut the window. For a time he remained watching the graceful figure of his wife moving among the plants. His eyes grew tender.
He wondered if he could ever be grateful enough for the passing of the clouds and the coming of the serene sunshine. What had happened was as a bad dream. He had awakened again to find that the greatest prize in the world was still his. Then:

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

"I suppose I'd better get on with my work," he thought, and he made his way back to his study. At the door the maid servant met him. "The gentlemen have called, sir," she said. "They are in the dining-room. Only one gave his name—Mr. Mason."

"Mr. Mason? I know. All right."

He was not averse to the interruption. It gave him an excuse for delaying his work. He wondered what Mr. Mason wanted.

Mr. Mason and his two companions were standing on the hearthrug when Hugh entered the room and greeted them. Each had assumed an expression of rigid formality.

"Good morning, Mr. Grieve," said the trio.
"Good morning, Evesham. What's the trouble?"

"There is no trouble, Mr. Grieve," added Mr. Mason, whose mild expression indicated some nervousness.

"I'm glad of that," said Hugh gaily.
"I hope we are not disturbing you," went on Mr. Mason. "We knew we should find you in at this hour, and—"

"You are not disturbing me in the least. Won't you sit down?"

The trio obeyed, selecting the most uncomfortable chairs.

"The fact is," began Mr. Mason, constituting himself spokesman, "that after that deplorable meeting of a fortnight ago, some of us thought that it would be—graceful on our part if we could give you some assurance of our unfaltering esteem and respect."

"We find this desire is general throughout St. Luke's, and we have been deputed to ask you if you would attend a meeting to be held within a week or two, at which a small presentation to Mr. and Mrs. Grieve might be made. The gift is nothing in itself, but it is spontaneous, and we do assure you, Mr. Grieve, that—"

"My dear fellow, you are a brick. You are all bricks! But I don't need a presentation to assure me of the goodness of my friends—"

"I am sure I hope you will forget the unpleasant occurrences of the past, Mr. Grieve. We all deplore what has happened, and as for Moss—"

"Leave him out of it, if you don't mind," said Hugh. "Is he still in bed?"

"Yes, and it's my opinion it wasn't an accident at all. They're saying he got a thrashing."

"I hope they don't blame me for it," laughed Hugh.

"I assure you, no. And we should like to take this opportunity of asking you if there is any truth in the rumour that you are thinking of leaving us? I do hope we all hope—"

"How on earth has that got about?" cried Hugh. "I only knew myself a day or two ago."

"It isn't true!"

"Yes, my dear Mason, it's true. I'm going to Wenchurch. I've been made dean. The appointment was quite unexpected. I'm awfully sorry to leave Northbury Park, but I think it's best."

"This—is this very bad news, sir?"

"I hope not. I want to tell you all on Sunday. Let me explain my reason for going. Frankly, it's because I'm out of my element here. You want a more capable man than I. Yes, you do. I'm at a loss outside of my study or my pulpit. Here I find myself at every turn up against things—pray don't misunderstand me; I've got friends here who'll be my friends as long as I live—and I'm afraid I'm no fighter."

"Is it because of what's happened, sir?"

"Yes, and no. What's happened has done me no good here, except in one direction. It has shown me how many loyal friends I've got. But I wouldn't be honest with you if I didn't add that my foolish transactions with this land company must necessarily weigh with some people."

"They don't count, Mr. Grieve; they don't count."

"The first instalment of "The Black Sheep," by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, which appears on Monday, is a fine piece of fiction."

me; I've got friends here who'll be my friends as long as I live—and I'm afraid I'm no fighter."

"Is it because of what's happened, sir?"

"Yes, and no. What's happened has done me no good here, except in one direction. It has shown me how many loyal friends I've got. But I wouldn't be honest with you if I didn't add that my foolish transactions with this land company must necessarily weigh with some people."

"They don't count, Mr. Grieve; they don't count."

"The first instalment of "The Black Sheep," by Miss Ruby M. Ayres, which appears on Monday, is a fine piece of fiction."

me; I've got friends here who'll be my friends as long as I live—and I'm afraid I'm no fighter."

"Is it because of what's happened, sir?"

"Yes, and no. What's happened has done me no good here, except in one direction. It has shown me how many loyal friends I've got. But I wouldn't be honest with you if I didn't add that my foolish transactions with this land company must necessarily weigh with some people."

"They don't count, Mr. Grieve; they don't count."

"But they do. Let me explain further."

Hugh Grieve talked earnestly, intimately. He kept back nothing. And his three hearers were reluctantly convinced.

"It'll be a bad blow to St. Luke's," said Mr. Mason.

"By no means. In a hundred ways I'm sorry to leave St. Luke's, but... Here's Rosalie."

Rosalie appeared at the door, and then made to withdraw. Mr. Mason hurried forward.

"We've just heard this terrible news," he said. "You are going away from us. I can't tell you how sorry we are. All Northbury Park will be sorry. I don't know how we're to go back and tell the others."

Rosalie took his hand.

"I'm very, very sorry to go, too," she said; "but Hugh thinks it best. And Hugh is always right."

Presently the deputation took its departure, downcast and full of forebodings. Hugh saw the three men to the door. Then he returned to Rosalie.

"They're dears," she said. "Oh, why did I never find out before how many really nice people there are here?"

Hugh bit his lip. He was moved by the evident regret of his three visitors.

"Going away isn't easy," he said, softly.

There was a short silence. Northbury Park had had its shadows, but now there was something that beckoned him to stay.

"Alan Wynne has called," said Rosalie, breaking into their thoughts. "He is in the garden. He has got great news."

A FEW SURPRISES.

THEY found Alan Wynne endeavouring to attract the attention of an unfriendly cat. He came towards Hugh with a certain awkwardness, as though uncertain of his welcome, and his manner had its counterpart in Hugh's.

Both men knew that they had a lot to forget which could never be forgotten.

Hugh held out his hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you," he said. "I've been wanting to thank you for all you've done for me—for us."

Wynne murmured inaudibly.

"Tell Hugh your news," begged Rosalie. "I think it's so ripping!" Wynne flushed.

"It's about your wife's portrait—that I painted, Grieve," he said. "It's made rather a hit."

There's heaps and heaps about it in all the papers this morning," broke in Rosalie.

"Yesterday the Academy opened, you know."

ENJOY A PINE BATH FREE

SCIENTIST'S LATEST AND MOST POPULAR HEALTH
RESTORING, FATIGUE VANQUISHING, TOILET TASK.

Every Pine Bath an Exhilarating Experience Specially Recommended for
Cases of Rheumatism, Nervous Troubles, Heart Palpitation,
Brain Fog, Indigestion, Sciatica and Gout.

NEVER has there been such a great popular
Wartime success as that which has introduced a new toilet luxury to British
homes. Now in the privacy and comfort of your own home you may enjoy what actually amounts to a delightful Spa treatment, wonderfully exhilarating to the nerves, and undoubtedly a splendid cure for circulatory and nervous disorders.

In one simple preparation, known as Astinol Aromatic Fluid Extract, there has been concentrated all the wonderful healing essences of rich health-giving pine forests. A little of this marvellous preparation sprinkled in your bath brings to the home soothing, exhilarating and refreshing essences, which have most valuable health tonic properties.

A WONDERFUL SPA
TREATMENT AT HOME.

You may test your first pine bath free, and if you are at all run down or nervy, if you are troubled with rheumatism, or any form of circulatory disorder, indigestion or heart palpitation, you will find here a splendid remedy. No longer need you think of the cost of Spa treatment. All that Carlbad, Marienbad, could give you is here brought to your own home.

"Astinol" is highly recommended by the Medical Profession for its wonderful properties in the treatment of:

1. Run Down Condition 7. Sciatica
2. Tiredness 8. Lumbago
3. Nervous Disorder 9. Heart Palpitation
4. Brain Fog 10. Indigestion
5. Rheumatism 11. Dyspepsia
6. Gout 12. N. uralgia

Alan is famous now. And so am I. Come inside and I'll show you the notices. They're fine!"

"I'm delighted to hear this!" cried Hugh. "I suppose it'll mean something to you."

"Something? Everything. No, I'm corrected, 'not everything, but a lot. By the way, hasn't your cat got something the matter with its foot?'"

"It isn't our cat. What were you going to say?"

"Just that the portrait isn't all my news," replied Wynne.

"What else? Have you made a success of another picture?"

"No—not with a picture."

"Do tell us," begged Rosalie. "Or do you want us to guess?"

"You'd never guess. I'm going to get married."

Rosalie stared at him for a moment in dumb amazement. Then—

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed.

"Is there anything so preposterous about my getting married?" demanded Wynne sharply.

"But you never told me you were in love,"

she replied, and then she laughed, almost hysterically. Wynne flushed.

"Don't you want to know who the fortunate lady is?" he asked.

"Rather!... You've knocked me all of a heap. Who is she? Do I know her?"

"Yes."

"How exciting! Who can she be? Not Dora Bettinson?"

"No. They tell me Dora has already been bagged by Michel."

And she never so much as gave me an inkling of it. How unkind! But so are you. Let me think. I know!"

"I bet you don't!"

"But, of course, I do!" Rosalie's face was alive with excitement. "What's more, I've known for a long time."

"Who is she, then?"

"Madge Fairfield."

"Right. How on earth did you know?"

"I just knew. And oh, Alan! I'm so glad. Madge is splendid. I do congratulate you. I know you'll be so very happy."

"I congratulate you, too, Wynne. I do, with all my heart," put in Hugh.

"And you'll live in Paris," asked Rosalie.

"No fear! Madge seems to be dead of Paris. We're going to look round Chelsea or St. John's Wood when she comes back. By the way, Grieve, I'm in your parish. Will you marry us?"

"With all the pleasure in the world—if you'll

(Continued on page 11.)



WOMEN ENJOY THIS FOR THEIR COMPLEXIONS.

Women will especially appreciate these pine baths, for there is no finer tonic possible for the skin and complexion. Enjoyed regularly once or twice a week, a pine bath will do much to add to your beautiful appearance.

Not only is "Astinol" when used in the bath a wonderful preventive and cure for the troubles mentioned, but inhaled through the nose is extremely beneficial in cases of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Sore Throat or Cough. Its valuable antiseptic properties will also prove invaluable in the sick room. Just pour a little "Astinol" into a basin containing boiling water, leaving it exposed to the air, and as the irritating steam rises so the sick room is not only refreshed but to a great extent is rendered antiseptic.

"Astinol" Aromatic Fluid Extract is sold in bottles at 2/- each (sufficient for 12 baths) at all Chemists (including Boots), or may be obtained direct, post free on remittance, from EDWARDS HARTLEY COMPANY, 20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

POST THIS FORM

to EDWARDS HARTLEY COMPANY.

20-26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me, according to your offer, Trial Bottle of "Astinol" Aromatic Fluid Extract. I enclose 3d. stamps to cover cost of postage and packing.

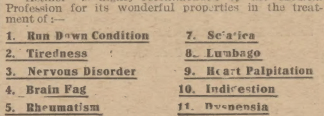
NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

"Daily Mirror," 22/4/16.

No longer is there any need to drink bitter waters or take drugs, which more often than not harm the

For the first time in its history, an orchestra composed entirely of women has been engaged at Drury Lane, all the men having joined the colours.



WHAT FRANCE READS.

Country's Spirit of Optimism Shown in Choice of Books.

LOVE TALES FOR THE POILU.

(By W. L. McAlpin.)

PARIS, Friday.—The grand spirit in which France is fighting this war is shown in the eagerness of the reading public for war literature.

Not only the intellectual élite of the nation, but the nation itself strives to live, in imagination, the history which its soldiers are making in the trenches.

The unanimity of the booksellers, and publishers leaves no doubt whatever on this point. M. Hachette, the president of the Booksellers' Club, declares that, contrary to what is taking place in Germany, the French public shows no sign of tiring of war literature.

Campaigning stories are in great demand, especially when the author combines literary talent with personal experiences in the trenches.

Several other well-known booksellers confirm this statement.

M. Fleury points out that there are two distinct categories of readers.—The fighting men, officers as well as soldiers, those who order from the trenches or purchase when in Paris on leave, show a decided preference for classical authors, grave and humorous.

"Pascal, Montaigne, Corneille, Racine are favourites in the trenches, as are also Rabelais and Courteline for their Gallic wit.

"Napoleon, Stendhal, and certain works of Maupassant have also readers among cultured officers.

"The poilu of more elementary education is very fond of love stories."

In sharp contrast with the war spirit of France is the indifference, one might almost say aversion, with which German publishers and booksellers admit their customers are treating war literature.

There was a flood of such books at the beginning of the war. One Leipzig firm has five catalogues of them.

A Hamburg publisher states that his clients content themselves with newspapers, and a Munster colleague adds significantly: "The war itself is enough for them."

NEWS ITEMS.

£1,500,000 Wheat Deal.

Australia has sold 150,000 tons of wheat to the Allies for delivery during April, May and June, of an approximate value of £1,500,000.

Invalid Chair for Wounded Wanted.

Miss Florence Parbury is appealing for an invalid chair for the use of wounded soldiers at the Jacobean Studio, 24, Yeoman's-row, Brompton-road, S.W.

Land Subsidence at Reading.

An extraordinary subsidence of land occurred on the chief camping ground at Reading yesterday, the earth falling to a considerable depth. Fortunately, there were no tents on the spot, though many were near it.

Clyde Shipping Dispute Settled.

The Clyde seamen and firemen's wages dispute was settled last evening. Sir Thomas Munro's award was: Seamen and firemen, £2 5s. a month, and trimmers £7 5s. a month. The new rates to remain operative during the war.

Notwithstanding the necessary advance in price, the cheapest and best Beverage of the times is "Monterrat" Lime Fruit Juice and "Monterrat" Cordial. Be sure and get "Monterrat."—(Advt.)

ROSALIE.

(Continued from page 9.)

get married within four months. I leave then for Wenchurch."

"Hang it all, I want to get married within four weeks! Can I count that settled?"

"You can, indeed. And I'll give you my address now. It's this. If ever you and your wife disagree, don't waste a moment in realising that you must be in the wrong."

Rosalie blushed furiously. "Don't be so foolish, Hugh," she cried.

"I'm not foolish... now," he replied quietly. "But I have been. Wynne knows that. Now let's go and read about the portrait."

He put one arm through Wynne's and the other through Rosalie's and led them into the house.

This story will be concluded on Monday, when the opening chapters of a splendid new story by Miss Ruby M. Ayres will appear. Do not miss them.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Reading (h) 4, Croydon (h) 3; West Ham (h) 1, Chelsea (h) 9; Arsenal (h) 6; Tottenham Hotspur (h) 3; Crystal Palace (h) 1; Brentford (h) 2; Fulham (h) 1; Millwall (h) 6; Queens's Park Rangers (h) 2; Watford (h) 2; Luton (h) 1.

THE LEAGUE.—LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Liverpool (h) 5, Everton (h) 2; Manchester U. (h) 3, Stockport (h) 2; Blackpool (h) 5, Southport (h) 1; Burnley (h) 1; Preston North End (h) 1; Bolton (h) 4; Bury (h) 4; Bolton Athletic (h) 2; Manchester City (h) 3.

THE LEAGUE.—MIDLAND SECTION.—Notts Co. (h) 1; Leicester City (h) 2; Leicester Fosse (h) 2; Derby (h) 6; Bradford (h) 1; Lincoln City (h) 6; Sheffield Wed. (h) 2; Forest (h) 6; Chesterfield (h) 1; Rochdale (h) 1; Huddersfield (h) 1.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Bristol Rovers (h) 1; Bristol City (h) 1; Southampton (h) 2; Portsmouth (h) 1; CHARITY MATCH.—Blackburn Rovers 4, Newcastle (h) 0.

TO-DAY'S MATCHES.

THE LEAGUE.—LANCASHIRE SECTION.—Blackpool v. Preston North End, Bury v. Burnley, Liverpool v. Everton, Oldham Athletic v. Stockport County, Southport Central v. Bolton Wanderers. THE LEAGUE.—MIDLAND SECTION.—Barnley v. Bradford City, Derby County v. Notts County, Grimsby Town v. Hull City, Leeds United v. Huddersfield Town, Lincoln v. Sheffield United, Stoke v. Leicester Fosse, Bradford v. Rochdale, Sheffield Wednesday v. Rotherham County, Notts Forest v. Chesterfield Town.

LONDON COMBINATION.—Crystal Palace v. Tottenham Hotspur, Chelsea v. Croydon Common, Reading v. Queens's Park Rangers.

SOUTH-WESTERN COMBINATION.—Swindon v. Bristol Rovers. SCOTTISH LEAGUE.—Rath Rovers v. Aberdeen, Airdrieonians v. Partick Thistle, Hibernian v. Ayr United, Celtic v. Heart of Midlothian, Glasgow Rangers v. Clyde, Dundee v. Greenock Morton, St. Mirren v. Hamilton Academical, Third Lanark v. Kilmarnock, Motherwell v. Queen's Park.

CLUB MATCHES.—Postlethwaite v. Bristol City, West Ham United v. Millwall, Clapton Orient v. Footballers' Battalion, Blackburn Rovers v. Newcastle United (at Swansea).

SPORTS AT HERNE HILL.

With cycling and flat events and successful attempts on motor-cycling track records by Harry Martin, the United Services sports promoted by the Southern Counties C.C. provided an enjoyable afternoon for a big crowd at Herne Hill yesterday.

Lance Corporal Short (25th London Regiment) won the 100 yards handicap from the eight yards mark in 10 1-5s, and also finished second to Private Davy (New Zealand) in the 220 yards handicap. E. J. Warren (35th Cyclists) won the 550 yards cycle handicap, and J. O. F. Masters the half-mile. In an international lane match Italy beat France by two events to one.

The Irish Guards were away winners in the three mile team race, in which Private Higgins (A.S.C.) was first man home.

O'KEEFE BEATS JOHNNY WEBB.

Pat O'Keefe, the middle-weight champion, outpointed Sergeant Johnny Webb in a fifteen-round contest at Kemel Rise yesterday afternoon. In a ten-round bout Fred Henson beat Billy Boon on points, and Billy Garrard defeated Frank Tracer in the nine round. Frank Slarke, a giant of other days, was present in khaki, looking remarkably well.

Boxing will be resumed at the Ring to-night, when Sergeant Tom Mack meets Fighting Bob Spencer in a fifteen rounds contest.

REVOLUTION IN GAS-COOKING METHODS

WONDERFUL NEW INVENTION

which Saves 75% of Your Gas-Cooking Bill.

Remarkable Public Lecture-Demonstrations Given Daily by Dr. C. H. Charles, Ph.D., the Well-known Food Expert and Scientific Economist.

Mr. Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, has made a striking appeal to British Housewives, which may be summed up in the one sentence, "Fight the Germans by Burning Less Coal!"

It is much more patriotic to cook food on your Gas Stove than on the ordinary Kitchen Range.

Indeed, if one only knew it, in the light of modern scientific endeavour, one could not only help to beat the Germans but actually put money into one's own pocket by using Gas.

This point has been most amply proved by Dr. Charles, Ph.D., the well-known Food Expert and Scientific Economist, when introducing for the first time a wonderful new invention in connection with Household Gas Cooking. Dr. Charles proved beyond question and to the entire satisfaction of a large number of Gastronomic and Culinary Experts, also representatives of the Press and well-known ladies and gentlemen interested in the subject of War-time Economy, that with this new invention he had the pleasure to introduce, not only was the consumption of Coal for cooking absolutely unnecessary, but additionally the new method would prove far more economical in cost and infinitely more efficient.

He presented to the housewives of Great Britain a wonderful new "Multicooker" which enabled them to effect a saving of no less than 75 per cent. of the gas bill—in other words, 15s. in the £.

ONLY ONE GAS RING INSTEAD OF FOUR.

A surprisingly simple appliance had been produced—so simple, in fact, that even a child could use it with success—which when merely placed on the top of any ordinary gas stove would, with only one of the ordinary gas rings alight, effect the same result as when all the gas rings were flaring away. In other words, instead of its being necessary to use four gas rings to boil a large soupçon or the food therein, with the use of the new "Multicooker," which costs only a few shillings, the heat is so conserved and distributed over the whole surface of the top of your gas stove that it is only necessary to have one burner in use.

This wonderful new "Multicooker" invention proved there could immediately be effected a 75 per cent. saving in the gas bill. In other words, if it were a shilling could be kept in the pocket, and it will not take a very long calculation to appreciate what this means in six months or a year.

Dr. Charles then pointed out that his audience had before them these two pictures: (1) That of the average gas cooker in use, all its gas rings alight and burning away into the surrounding air something like 120 cubic feet of gas in preparing the average dinner, and (2) The same stove with the employment of the simple "Multicooker," using only one gas ring, whereby it is possible to obtain not only the same result, but better cooked, more tasty, succulent, and delicious food.

Now, all one has to do is to place the "Multicooker" on the top of the stove, light any one burner required, and then in two or three minutes, instead of having an area of a few square inches of gas flaring away, one has a very large surface of enormously intensified, conserved, and distributed heat, such temperature permitting a Joint to be baked, Kewits boned, Cakes baked, Pastry done to a turn, Green Vegetables, Potatoes, etc., to be boiled. At the same time, in preparing a full course dinner all the vessels containing hot food for the dinner table can be kept properly warm. And this, as Dr. Charles emphasises, is all done with one small gas ring.

FREE DEMONSTRATIONS OF THE WONDERFUL NEW COOKER.

The Doctor points out still another great feature in connection with the "Multicooker." Every lady knows that the weight of meat when delivered by the butcher and charged for at the present remarkably high prices is entirely different from the weight of the same joint when it arrives on the dining table. It has been calculated that when roasting meat with open coal range heat the wastage amounts to as much as 30 per cent. Thus, a joint weighing 10lb. when raw would only weigh on the scales about 7lb.

when cooked. But, with the aid of the new "Multicooker," the loss in weight during the cooking process is in comparison trivial, thereby showing you that it has not undergone the usual serious evaporation, shrinkage, or drying up, under the heat, on the contrary, it has retained all its natural succulent juices and health-giving salts.

When we remember that the price of meat at the present time is anything from 1s. to 1s. 6d. per lb. this saving is very considerable, and, on



NOTE
ONLY ONE RING is being used to cook A Full Course DINNER!

The above illustration indicates the "Imperial" Multicooker when used in combination with the Multicooker Oven. ONE BURNER ONLY of any ordinary Kitchen Gas Stove suffices to cook a Full Course Dinner, thus effecting an enormous saving in the quarter's Gas Bill. The food itself is twice as tasty and delicious, and there is much less waste in "Shrinkage" of meat, etc. The Multicooker can also be used without Oven and will boil FOUR LARGE UTENSILS when using ONE RING ONLY. Every householder should write at once for full particulars, which will be sent gratis and post paid.

the authority of some of the most critical judges, the excellent and delicious taste of food cooked with the "Multicooker" is, indeed, a revelation of delight.

PARTICULARS FREE BY POST.

It is not only the master of the house, who has to dip into his pocket to pay the gas bills, who can appreciate this invention, which saves him 15s. in every £, but the maids of the house will also welcome it, so to speak, with open arms, for this wonderful invention has brought cooking to a fine art. Literally, the "Multicooker" does the cooking for you. There is no question of judgment needed, the whole process becomes almost automatic—in fact, even a young girl could, given the necessary materials, cook a dinner for a whole family.

Dr. Charles adds that the undisputed proved claims for the "Multicooker" are as follows:—

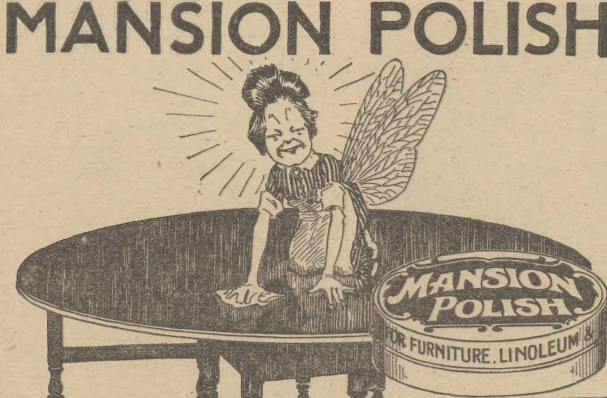
1. Saves you 75 per cent. of your gas bill—i.e., 15s. in every £.
2. Saves its own cost in a surprisingly short time.
3. Will cook a whole full-course Dinner, Breakfast, or Supper for the family at a quarter of the cost that your usual gas supply would entail.
4. There are no fixings to make. It can be used directly it arrives in the house, simply by placing on the top of your ordinary gas stove.
5. No skilled operation is necessary, and there is nothing to go wrong.
6. Secures for you better cooked food, more appetising, tasty, and succulent.

If you are interested in reducing household expenses, in saving 15s. in the £ in your Gas Bill, the very interesting Demonstrations now being held daily at the Company's Showrooms, 42, Berners Street, London, W., will prove of very great interest.

A full description of this new "Imperial" Multicooker is given in a very interesting Pamphlet, which will be presented free of cost to everyone who sends a postcard. It explains in detail the hundred and one advantages of this new invention which effects so great a saving in household expenses.

The Pamphlet referred to is a veritable Guide to Household Economy and Successful Cooking, and fully explains how, no matter what gas supply you may have in your house, you can immediately adopt the "Multicooker" principle of cooking, and at once effect the splendid saving described. If you wish to save money in your home you will certainly write for a copy without delay.

All applications for this free Money-saving Pamphlet should be sent to the Secretary, "Multicooker" Inventions, Ltd. (Room 46), 42, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London, W.



BRILLIANCE AND BEAUTY IN THE HOME

are assured by the splendid efforts of MANSION POLISH, the Busy Bee. All kinds of Furniture, Linoleum or Stained or Parquet Floors immediately assume a rich, brilliant lustre when cleaned with her wonderful

MANSION POLISH,

the superior wax preparation, which also preserves, renovates and prevents finger-marking.

Of all Dealers, The 7d., 2d., 4d., 6d. and 1s. AS USUAT. Chiswick Polish Co. Ltd., Chiswick, London, W.

Our Splendid New Serial by Ruby M. Ayres Begins on Monday

TRACK RECORDS BEATEN.



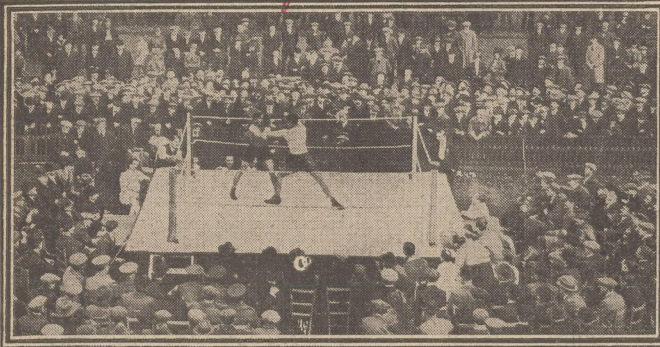
Harry Martin at the Herne Hill sports, where he broke the motor-cycle records for the track from two to five miles.

Daily Mirror

GOOD FRIDAY SPORTS IN LONDON.



Wells talking to Frank Slavin (wearing Glengarry) at Kensal Rise.



The boxing contest between Corporal O'Keefe and Sergeant Johnny Webb.



O'Keefe pushes Webb away.



Aunt Sally has disappeared. Big and Little Willies were the targets on Hampstead Heath yesterday.

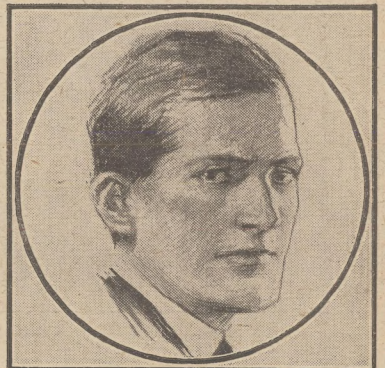
Pat O'Keefe, the middle-weight champion, outpointed Johnny Webb in a fifteen-rounds boxing contest at Kensal Rise yesterday. Frank Slavin, who met Peter Jackson in the historic glove match at the National Sporting Club, was present in khaki, and is seen talking to Sergeant-Instructor "Billy" Wells.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

DRESS FROM PARIS.



A smart dress of marine blue serge relieved by white revers and a white hat. It is a Paris creation.—(Felix.)

"THE BLACK SHEEP."



This is George Laxton, who plays a big part in Miss Ruby M. Ayres' fine story, "The Black Sheep," which begins on Monday.